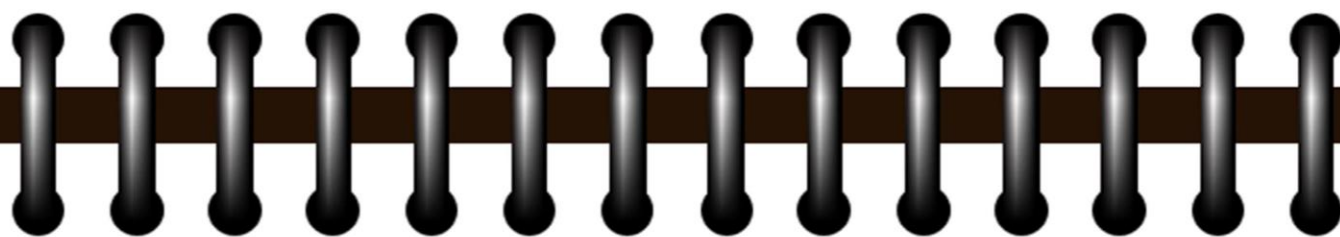


GIOVANNI
METRO STOP GALLERY



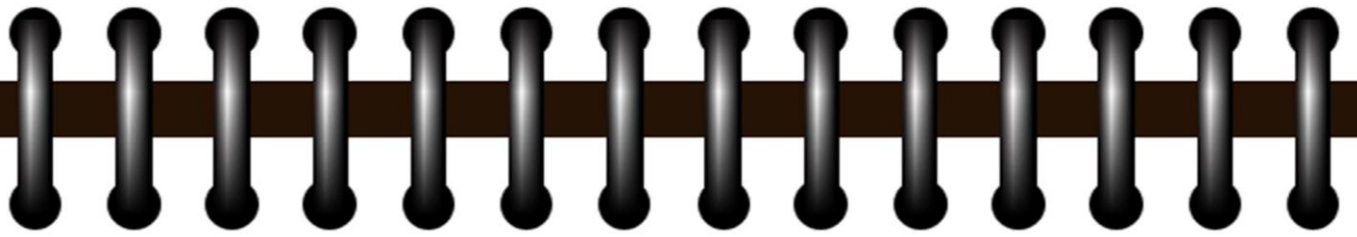
YOU HAD TO BE THERE

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE – COPYRIGHT 2024



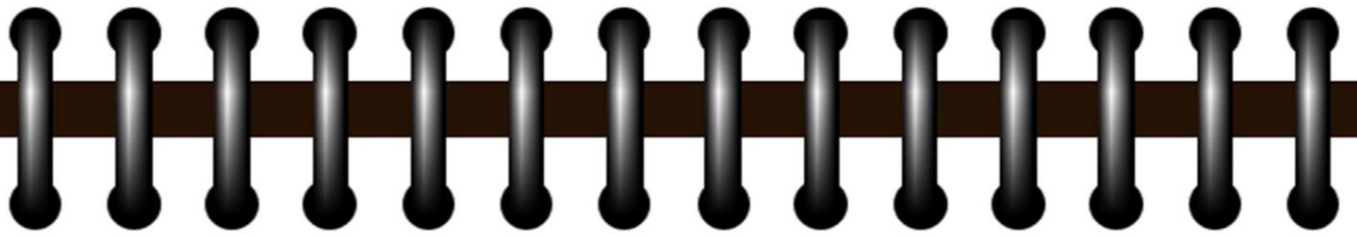


You can take our word for it, Emil and I, that no matter how vivid your imagination is or how groundbreaking your ideas may seem, you won't come close to surpassing the generic and overhyped war movies that Hollywood constantly produces. Trust me when I say that even



those films will never capture the harsh reality of actually being in the midst of the First world war, until Emil, Claudie, and I took matters into our own hands and negotiated a peace agreement with the German Empire.

This allowed us to spend the



rest of the war quietly
residing in a humble
neighborhood in Paris.
Emil frequently articulates the
belief that individuals who
have experienced firsthand the
horrors of war in a combat zone
would never refer to it as
"great."



Despite some dissenting opinions from those at fort Dix, Emil stands firm in this conviction. Drawing from personal encounters, I have come to the conclusion that no divine entity favored either side in these conflicts. In the unlikely scenario that



one side or both had divine support, I would not hesitate to advocate for a collective lawsuit against the supposed higher power. I would spare no effort in seeking reparations from heaven, even if it meant bankrupting them of all their treasures stored in the



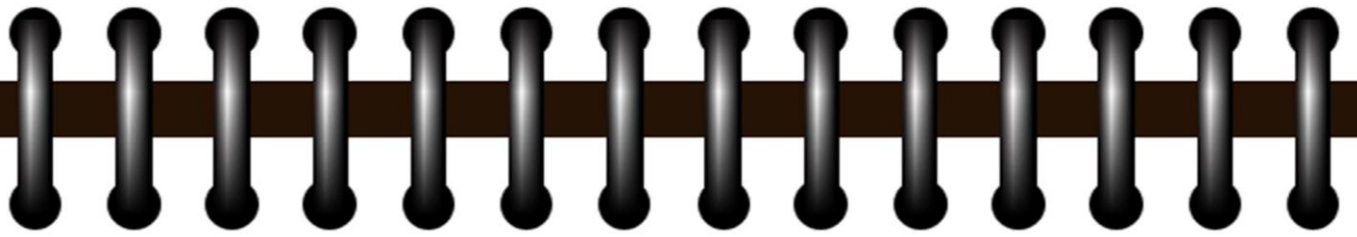
Vatican.

Death, much like the insatiable profiteers of warfare and their accomplices of deceitful politicians, anonymous bureaucrats, and the socialist number-crunchers (who enable wars to be funded), revels in their fervent chant that they



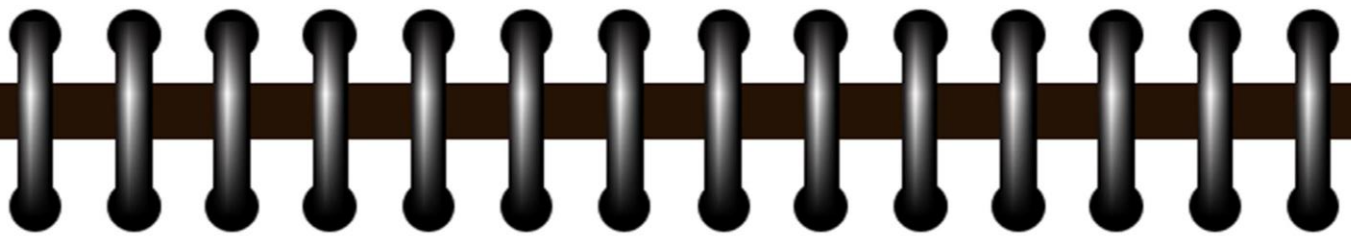
have never failed to embrace
any conflict that comes their
way.

On the other hand, if it
weren't for a substantial and
prolonged conflict, their
living conditions would be
drastically different.
Instead of residing in opulent



domed palaces, funded by the
generous contributions of
taxpayers like us, they would
find themselves seeking refuge
in overcrowded homeless
shelters.

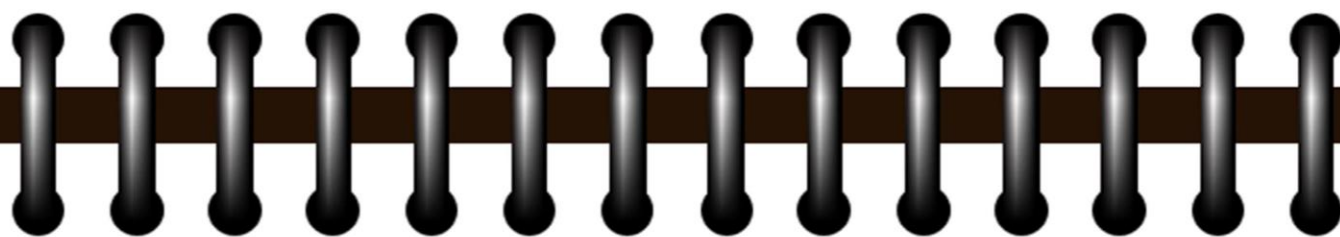
- Seine, 2024



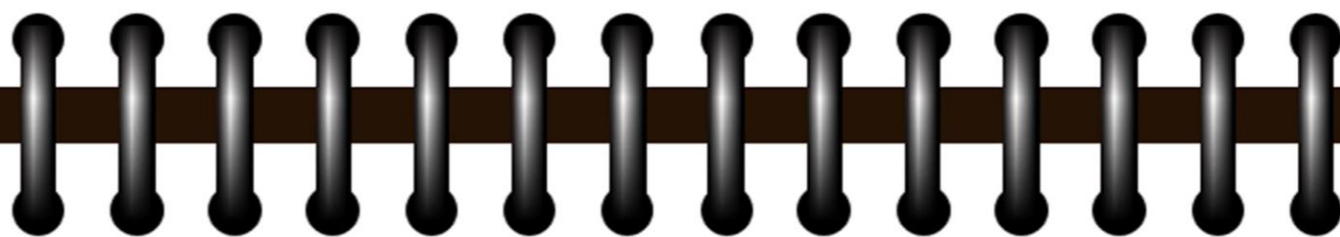
Despite the opposition faced by
my extensively researched white
paper detailing the revelation
of how our ancient reptilian
rulers inadvertently
transferred a significant
portion of their genetic
material to the initial CIS



Humans while experimenting with creating a workforce for mining operations in Southern Africa, our cutting-edge bio-genetic investigations suggest that upon recognizing the errors in the first batch of CIS Humans, they endeavored to manipulate various bio-markers in our DNA

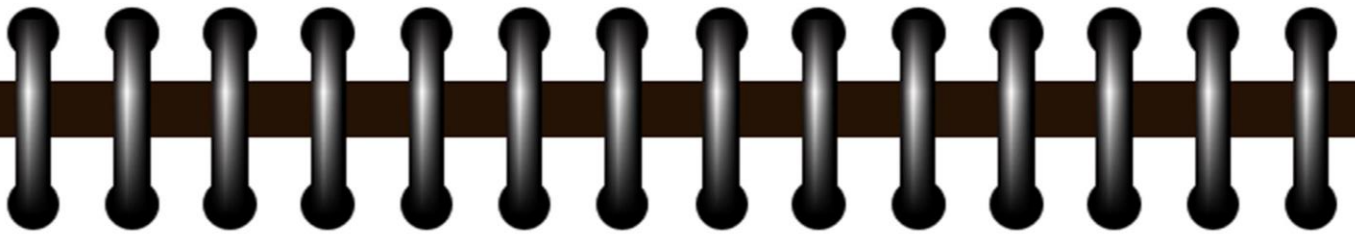


to prevent us from fully
unlocking the potential encoded
in their shared genes.
This manipulation was aimed at
hindering our evolution into a
harmonious, technologically
advanced society characterized
by longevity, impeccable
manners, a keen sense of style,

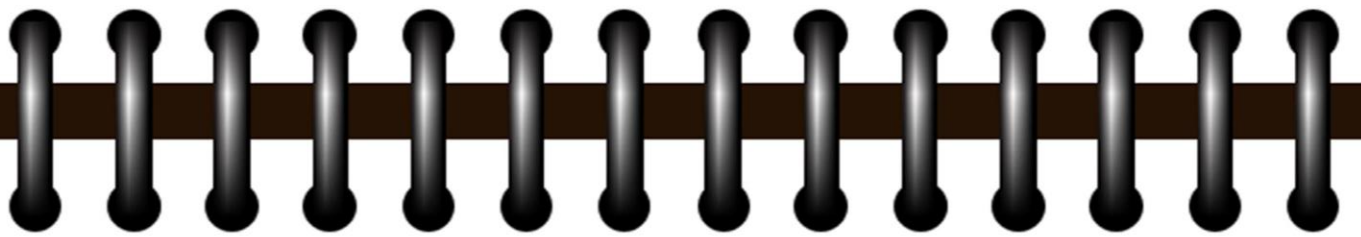


and unrestricted access to the lower realms of the universe.

An often overlooked yet significant genetic anomaly was the integration of a marker associated with rage and anger, which inherently made us prone to moodiness, anger, and a desire for revenge.



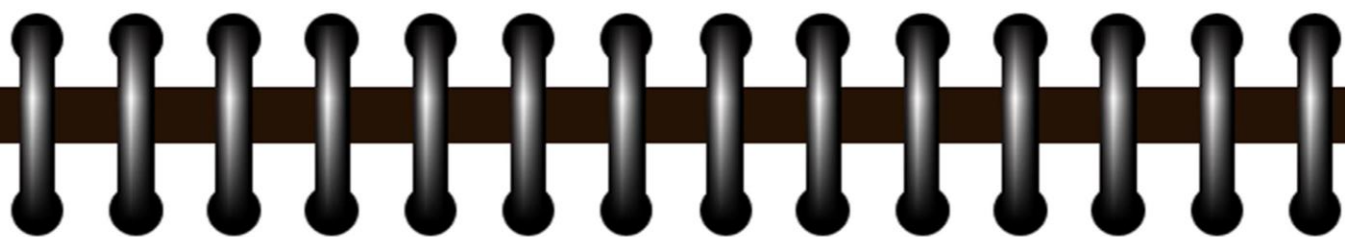
This genetic quirk also conveniently enabled those in power to easily manipulate and control the population of the CIS Human Herd. They achieved this by not only teaching us how to create weapons, but also by indoctrinating us with the



notion that strength and power are the ultimate determinants of what is right and just. Undoubtedly, such a decision would prove to be a catastrophic error on the part of our initial rulers, as historical evidence suggests that it would ultimately result



in their downfall.
This would occur as CIS Humans
began to form the earliest
labor unions in prehistoric
times, paving the way for
future generations to bring in
unruly, off-world replacement
workers to undermine and break
the strikes and mine lockouts



of the pro-union, CIS Humanity.
How does this relate to the
vlog Posting for this month?
well, the connection lies in
the importance of understanding
the consequences of poor
decision-making and the impact
it can have on a society.
By reflecting on the mistakes

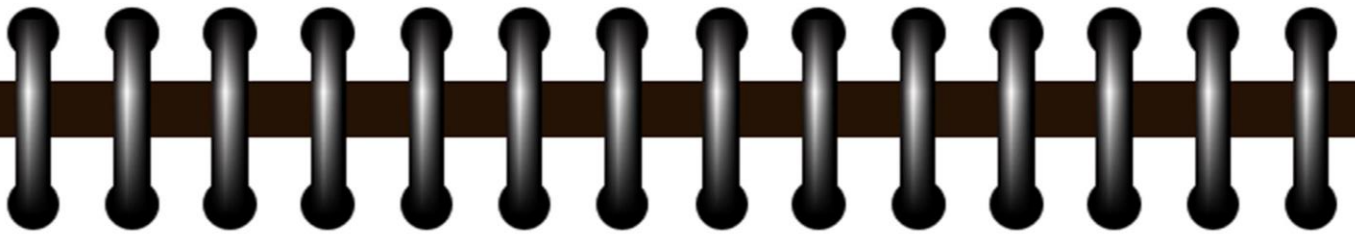


made by the original overlords and the subsequent actions taken by CIS Humans, we can draw parallels to our own lives and learn valuable lessons about the significance of making informed choices and considering the long-term effects of our actions.

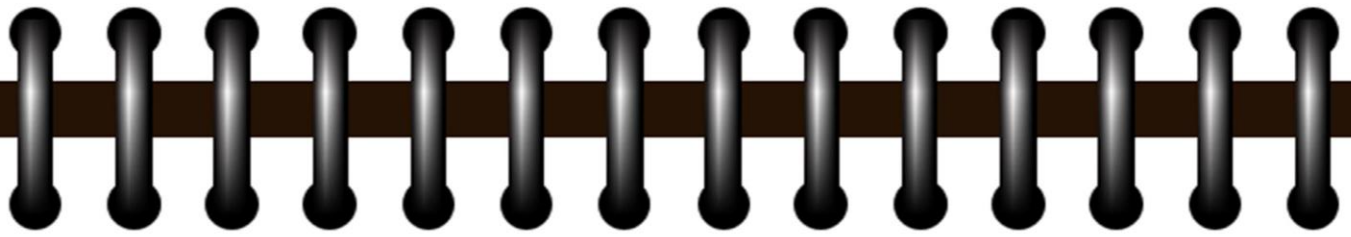


Believe it or not, the truth
goes deeper than you might
think.

In my vlog's introduction, I
want to emphasize some key
points that I feel are
important to share with you,
even though it may seem
unexpected.



Drawing from the valuable lessons taught at the prestigious Columbia School of Journalism (The Home Study Course), where I proudly graduated, it is crucial to understand that war, murder, chaos, and rudeness were intentionally ingrained in the



earliest CIS Humans.

Additionally, it is worth noting that our Reptilian Overlords were the original intergalactic suppliers of weapons and ammunition to the planet.

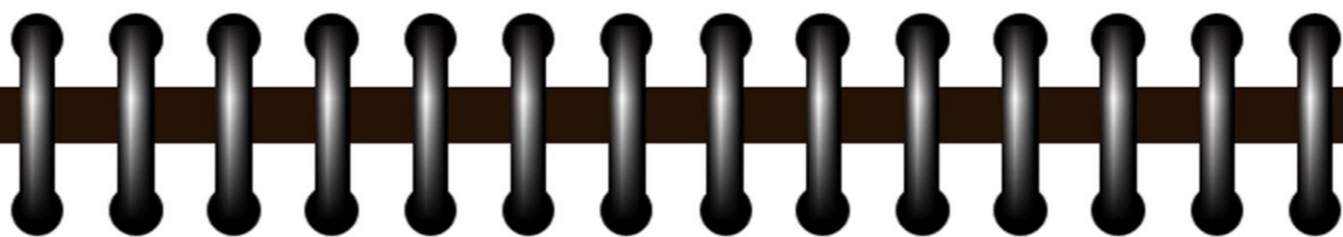
Undoubtedly, the forthcoming generations of First CIS Humans



will undoubtedly refine and elevate warfare to the level of an exquisite art form. This remarkable transformation can be largely attributed to the mutations observed in the specific biomarker found within the DNA of CIS Humans. These mutations have played a



significant role in shaping the future of warfare, allowing it to transcend its conventional boundaries and become a captivating masterpiece of strategic brilliance and innovation will undoubtedly refine and elevate warfare to the level of an exquisite art



form.

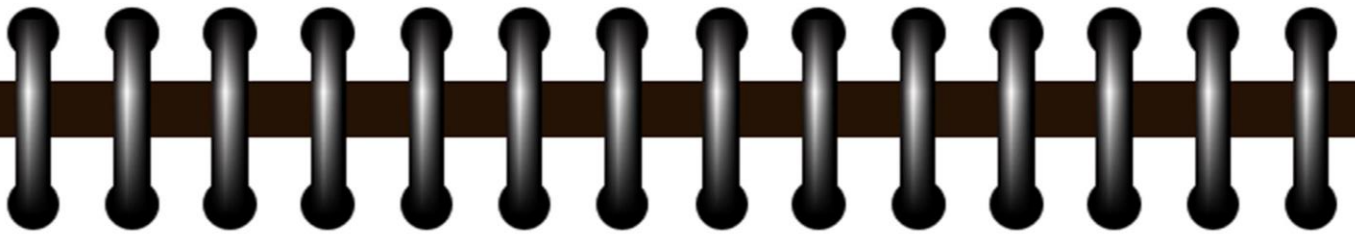
This remarkable transformation can be largely attributed to the mutations observed in the specific biomarker found within the DNA of CIS Humans.

These mutations have played a significant role in shaping the future of warfare, allowing it



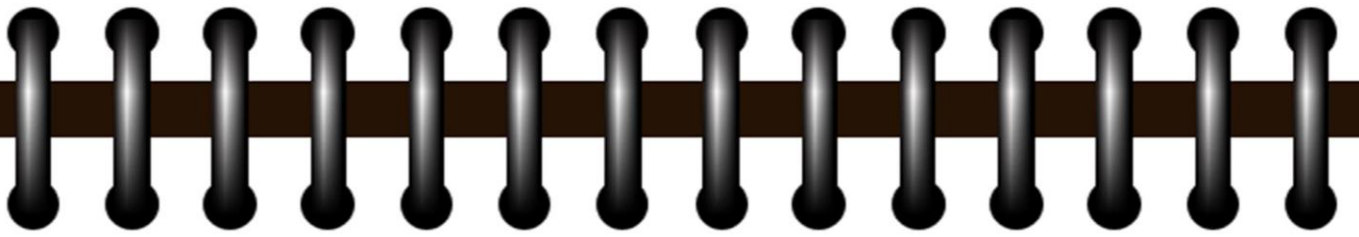
to transcend its conventional boundaries and become a captivating masterpiece of strategic brilliance and innovation.

of Richard Nixon, who had just won the national election by one of the largest margins in American political history.

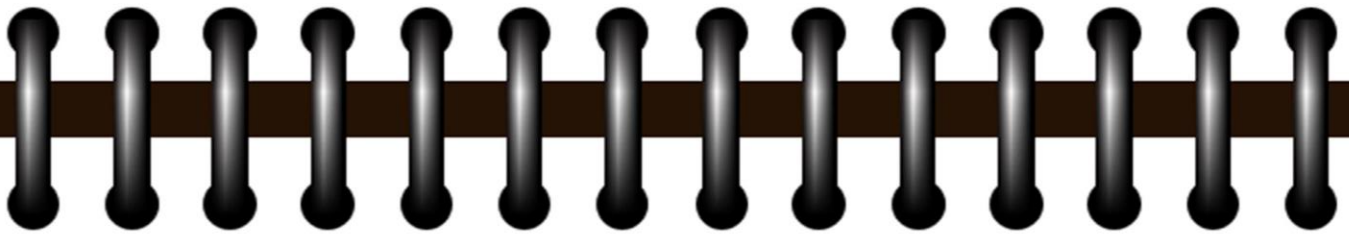


Despite his landslide victory, Nixon had clashed with the Intelligence Communities, ultimately leading to his downfall.

The well-known, over used catchphrase used by the FBI Director revolved around the idea of "Follow the Money!" and



in response to your inquiry (given the complications of ongoing restraining orders, various ICC or INTERPOL warrants), I would strongly advise you to trace the path of war funds and uncover who is truly profiting from the collective endeavors to

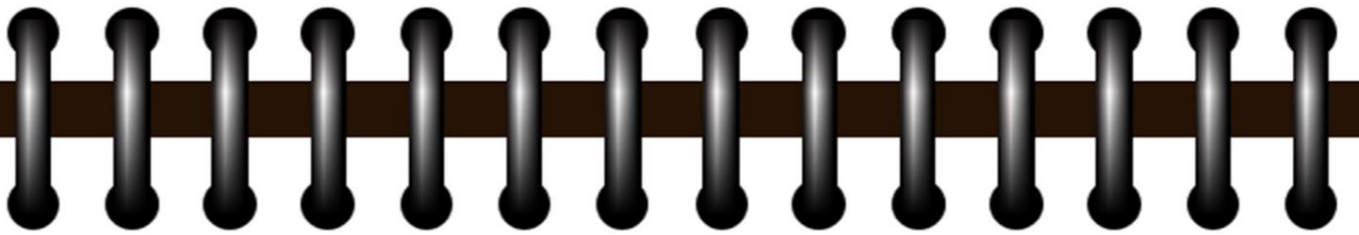


perpetuate the third
installment of the Great
Industrial Slaughter.
while the key figures may not
surprise you greatly, brace
yourself to be astounded, just
as we were, by the astonishing
scale of the numerous
supporting actors,

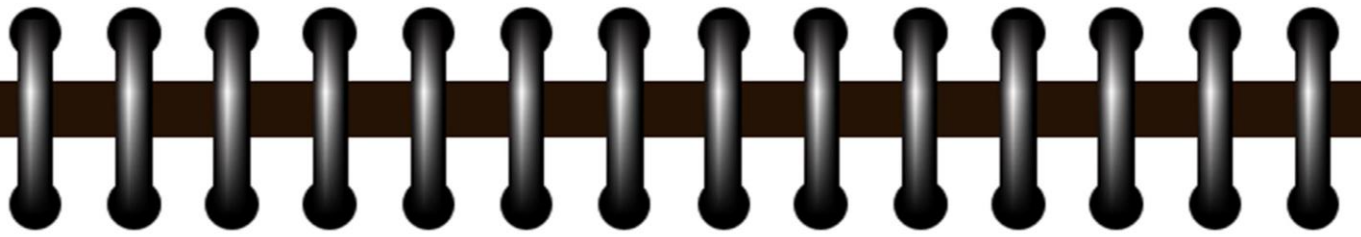


subcontractors, and the immense army of economic mercenaries who are actively employed and funded by the war machine.

Following even a brief examination, you may find yourself enthusiastically agreeing with us as we exclaim,



"Yes, Brother Carl!
This surpasses even the
magnitude of Watergate!"
Brother Seine's socialist
financial advisors have brought
attention to my conflicting
economic interests, as I am
also an unapologetic supporter
of economic mercantilism.



The accountants have pointed out the potential conflicts that may arise from my dual roles, highlighting the need for transparency and ethical decision-making in my financial dealing.

As someone who aligns with both socialist principles and



mercantile practices, I must navigate these conflicting interests carefully to ensure that my actions are in line with my values and beliefs. They vehemently assert that my hands are stained with blood, insinuating that I am a willing



participant in the creation of this book, as well as numerous other books where I have thoroughly exhausted this topic.

I have no intention of elaborating on our daring escapades in the dangerous battlefields of Flanders,



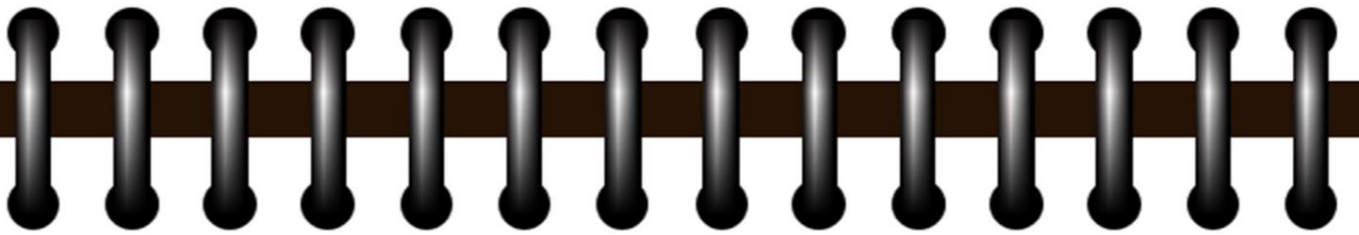
regardless of how captivating
or thrilling this story could
have been.

In an effort to make amends for
my past wrongdoings within the
harsh environment of the
military industrial complex,
and considering my role as a
key member of the banned group



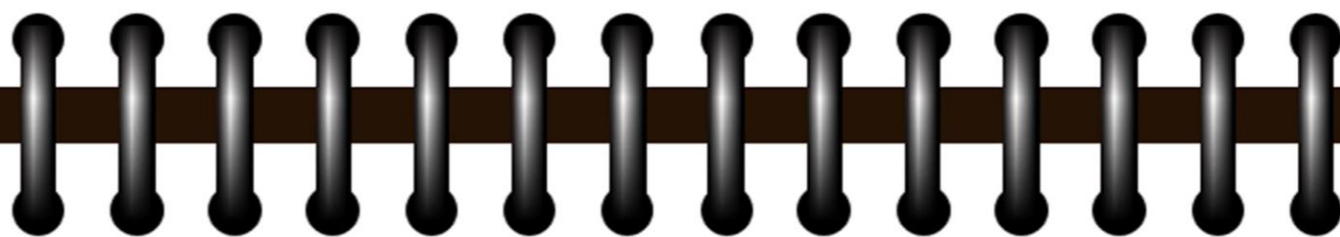
known as the Jesuits of Truth,
Palmdale Chapter, I must admit
that these small drawings were
created during our time of
exile in Paris.

The intention behind these
sketches was to raise money to
support my unconventional,
vagabond lifestyle.



These postcard-sized artworks were a product of my creative endeavors during a challenging period of our lives, where we were forced to live on the fringes of society.

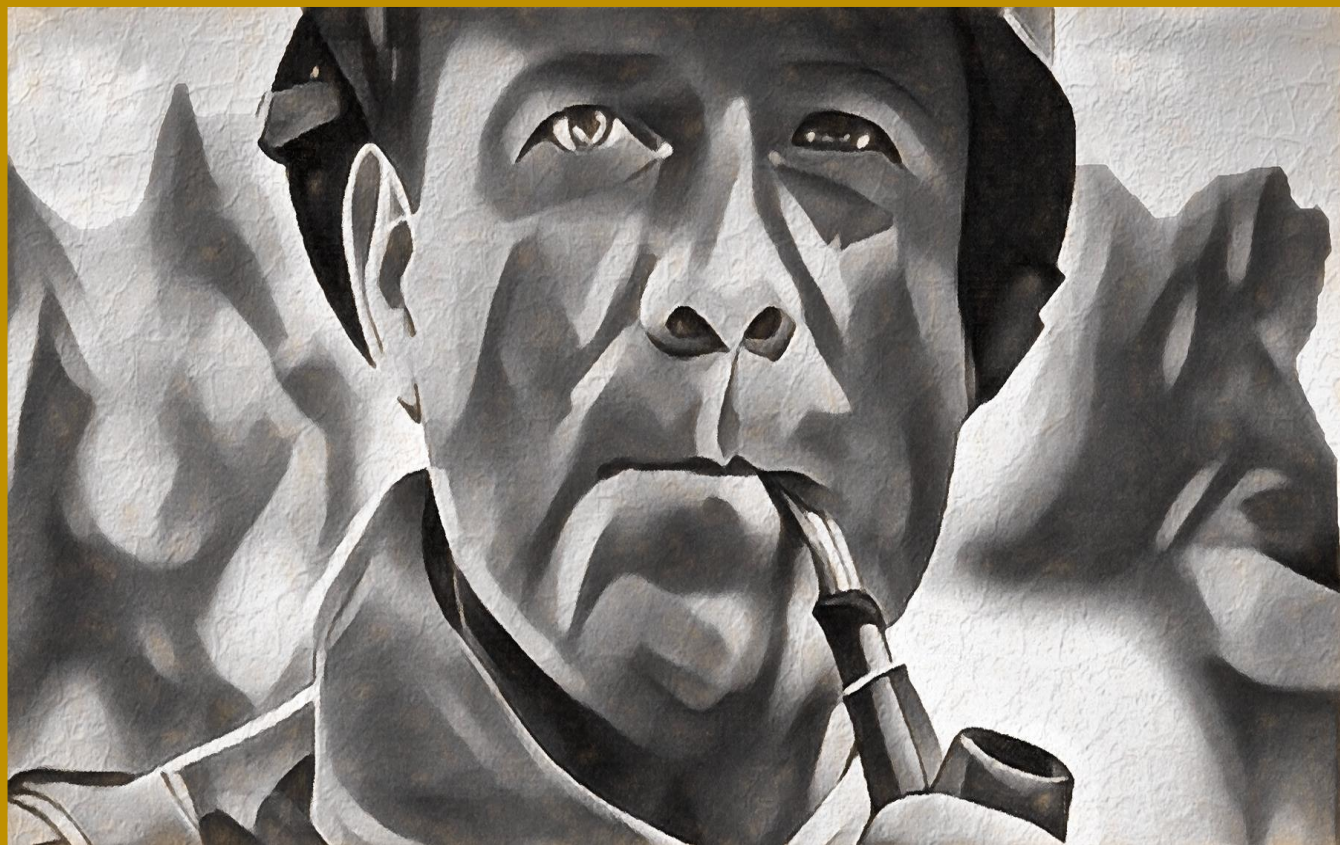
Despite the difficult circumstances, I sought to use my artistic talents to sustain



myself and continue living comfortably, albeit in a non-traditional manner.

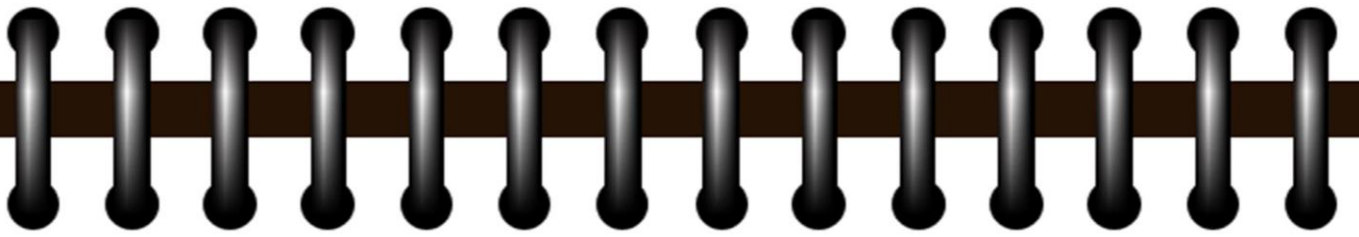
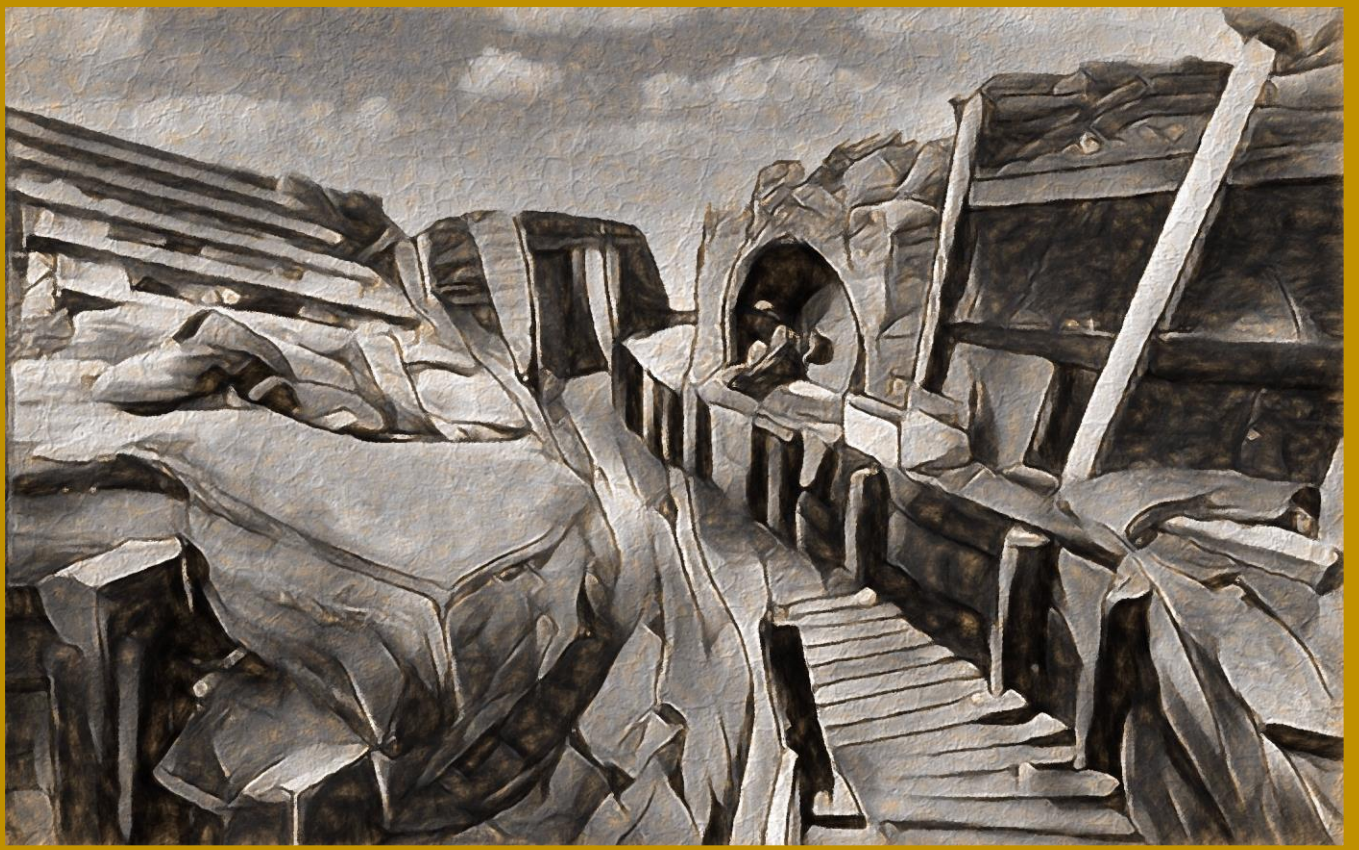
The sketches served as a means of both artistic expression and practicality, as I navigated the complexities of our outlawed existence.

Each piece was a reflection of



my experiences and emotions during that tumultuous time, offering a glimpse into the struggles and aspirations of a member of the Jesuits of Truth, Palmdale Chapter.

Over the course of numerous generations, it appeared that I had completely neglected these

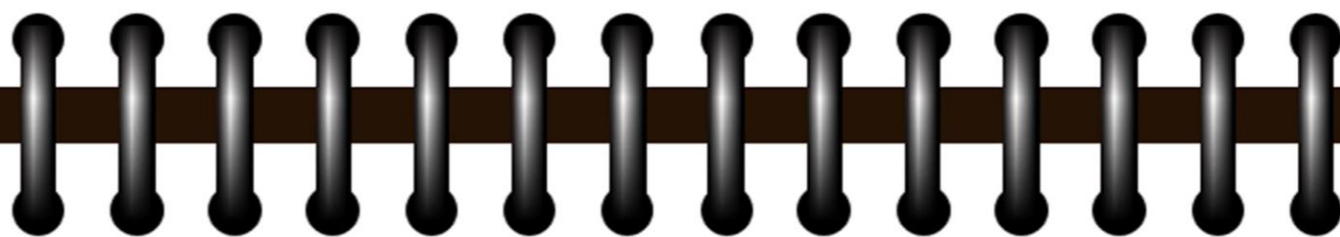


artistic treasures, mainly due to their poor sales record. The lack of tourists with disposable income in Paris during the year 1917 meant that even those who did visit were not interested in purchasing souvenirs.

This collection of aging post



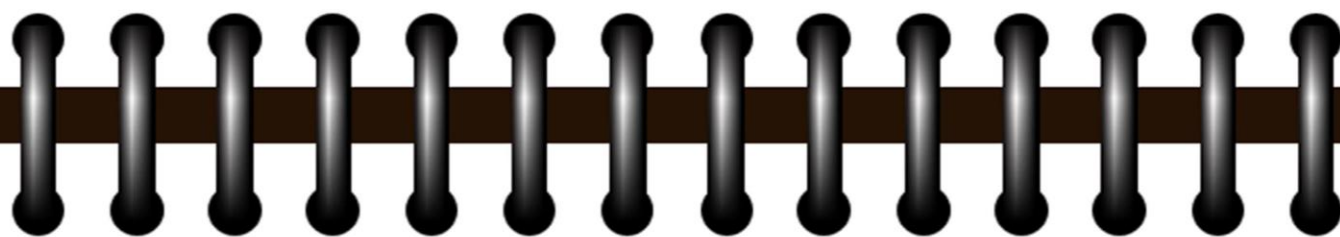
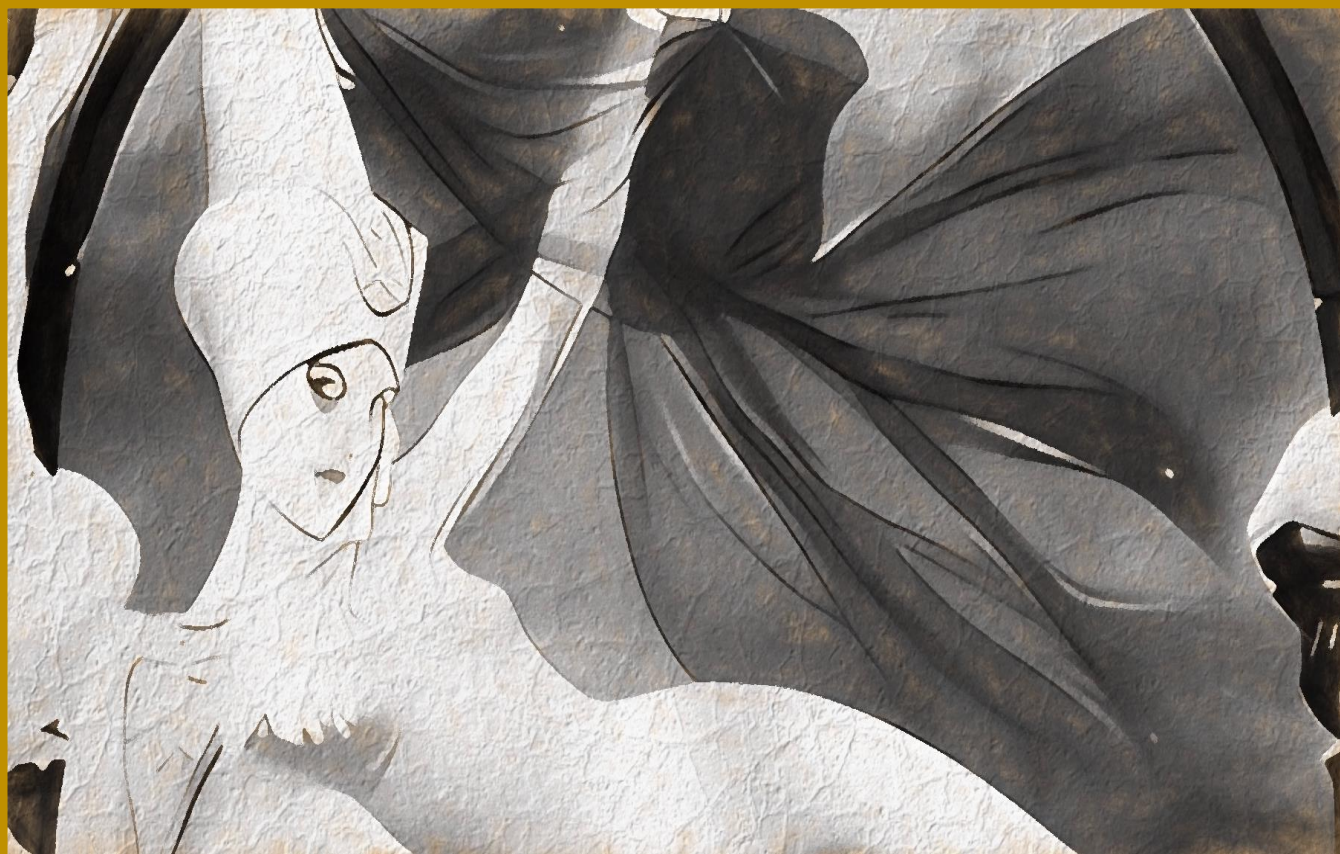
card-sized prints that I
commission at my neighborhood's
local, underground, Communist
Front Printshop were recently
rediscovered at the bottom of a
steamer truck that my dear aunt
Mandy had put in her attic
after it arrived from Paris,
postage due, in 1918.



Just a short time ago, she
departed from this world,
leaving behind a legacy that
would forever be cherished.

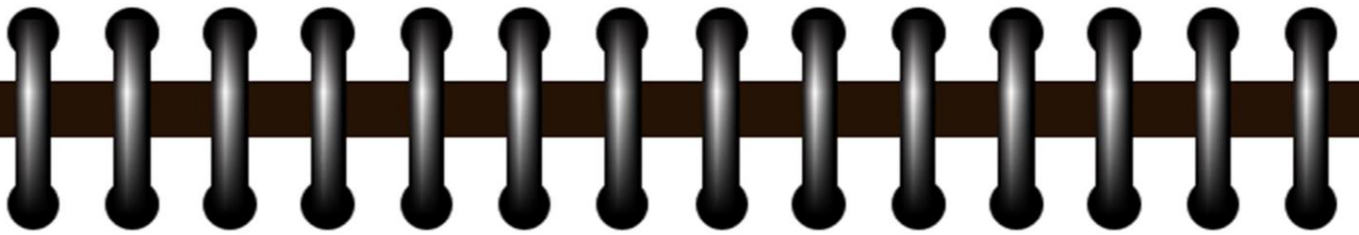
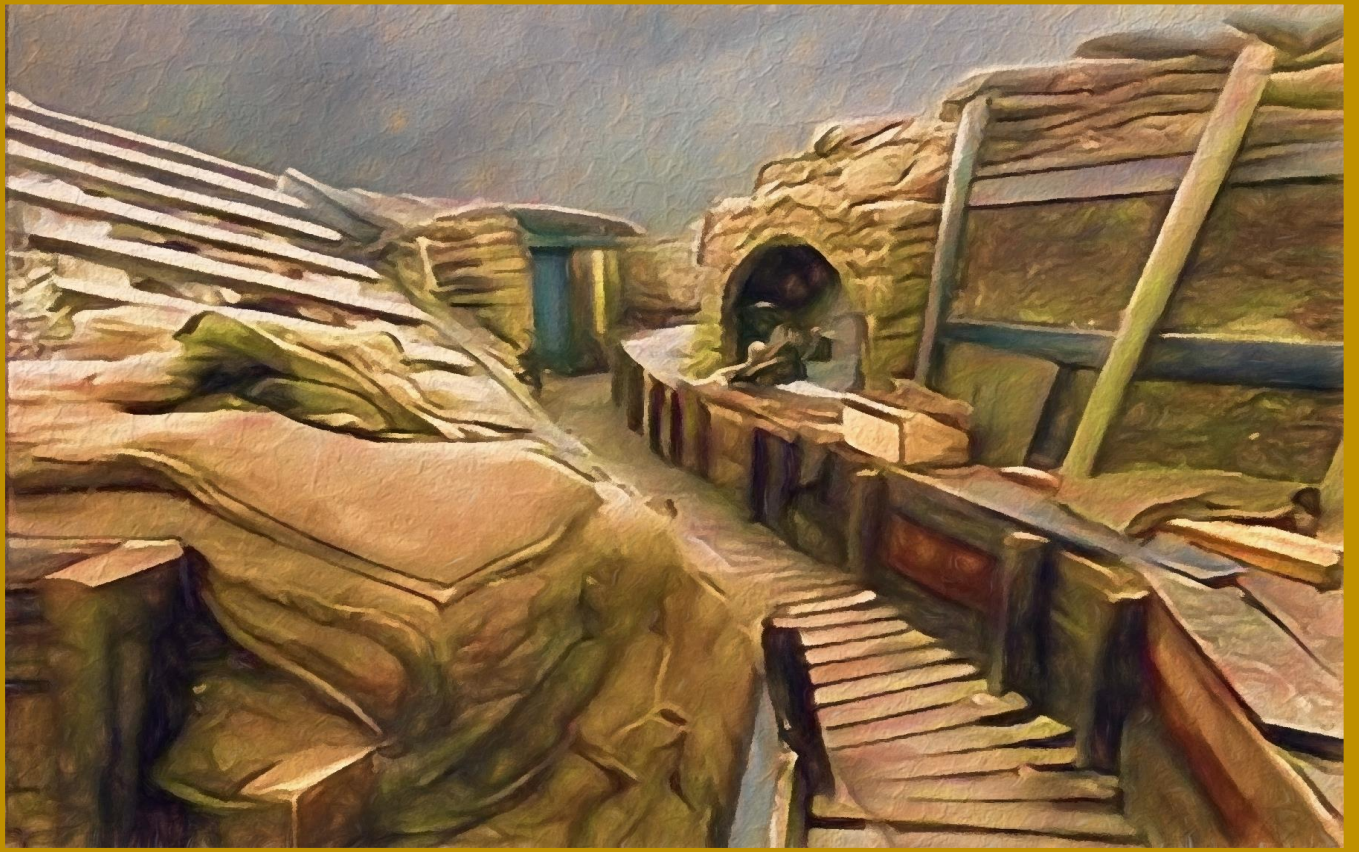
It was during this time of
mourning that I received an
unexpected surprise.

Out of the blue, one of her
beloved great grandkids managed

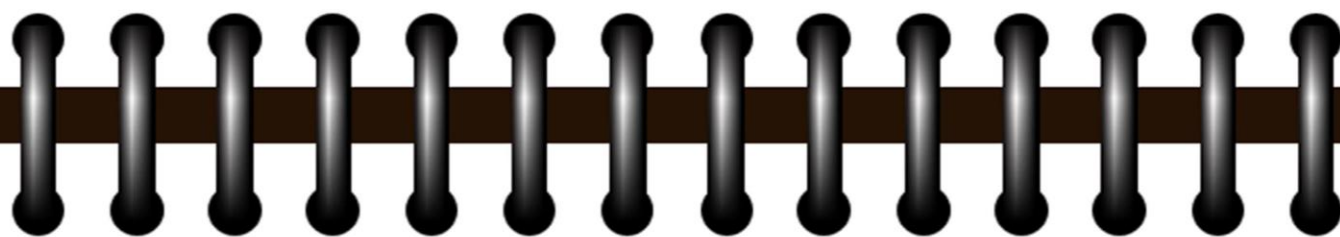


to locate me and sent a remarkable treasure my way. This extraordinary gift came in the form of a vintage steamer trunk, brimming with history and memories.

However, there was a small hitch - the postage had not been fully paid, and I was left



to cover the remaining cost.
Despite this minor inconvenience, the arrival of the trunk brought a mix of emotions, as it symbolized a connection to the past, a reminder of the love that transcends generations and a second notice of an unpaid



publishing bill from the
Communist Front Printshop.
- Emil, 2024

GIOVANNI
METRO STOP GALLERY



YOU HAD TO BE THERE

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE – COPYRIGHT 2024